UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Week Before Easter

By SYDNEY STRONG

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

VII

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Religion and Life

By WARREN P. BLODGETT

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V. CHAPTERS XXIV AND XXV

By M. K. GANDHI

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SPECIAL!

Two Current Features:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is now on his way home from Palestine, where he delivered an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return journey he is touching Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes is contributing a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, also has been in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He is returning to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. *He is writing for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1929 NUMBER 4

IMMORTALITY

Immortality of the soul is recognized as the most beautiful of human concepts. But to me at least, it has two diverse perspectives. The first is that of personal aspiration, a rainbow of spiritual hope, a revulsion against being blotted out.

We spend our lives for the most part seeking our own ends in business and pleasure. Our own ego, perhaps naturally, looms large on our subjective horizon; the thought of death, the inevitable fact of death appalls us, and we hope, we yearn for a life beyond. But we have no vested right, no real claim, only the beautiful dream of reunion amid imperishable souls.

The second aspect of immortality derives from God. Baffled as I am at the awe-inspiring wonders of creation and cosmogony, I have always had a comforting and unwavering belief in the Creator. Whether the starting point is science, religion, or what we call common sense, the path leads finite man to the inevitable belief in an infinite Maker or Cause. This second aspect of immortality appeals irresistibly to me. The greater includes the less; the power to create the universe, the power to create life necessarily includes the power to continue or perpetuate life. Hence immortality becomes solely a question of the will of God. And just as we believe in the goodness, the bounty, the infinite love of God, we can find the true measure of faith in immortality through His blessing. My own faith in immortality, therefore, radiates not so much from the universal craving for eternal life, and not from the personal estimate of our own merits, but from a humble reverence for and trust in the divine but inscrutable plan of the Creator. Thy will be done.

—*S. O. Levinson.*

From "We Believe in Immortality"
Edited by Sydney Strong.

The 7th of March came and went. It was stock-holders' day in two big companies, one in Indiana and one in New York. It is doubtful whether the stock-holders themselves understand just what they were up to or what happened to them. In both cases big money had its way. If numbers instead of dollars had counted in the voting would society have fared better in the outcome? At the meeting of the stock-holders of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, dollars, in the control of the rich, won an overwhelming victory over a multitude of small stock-holders. Yet the result is hailed all over the land is a rebuke to perfidy and a triumph of high moral principles in business. Colonel Stewart, the brilliant executive of the company, was ousted because Mr. Rockefeller and the backing which he could command in big business, were determined to repudiate an executive who had falsified to cover up crooked dealings. The large majority of the small stock-holders were entirely ready to continue him in office because he had delivered the dollars in fat dividends. Are the people always right? The crowd appears not to have covered itself with glory on this occasion. Yet one who believes in democracy may contemplate this episode with some calm. It would have been a glowing demonstration of popular conscience if those 58,000 stock-holders of the Indiana Standard Oil Company had rolled up a unanimous rebuke of the tricky methods of Colonel Stewart. They did not. They were moved in their decision by some other consideration. What was it? Greed? They manifestly wanted the money. They had invested their small savings in speculative stock in the hope of more than normal returns. They were elated when those returns were forthcoming. Financial speculation is even more deleterious to the moral nature of the small investor than to that of the large. Democracy was not at stake. The speculative conscience was on trial, and got what was coming to it.

Other issues were involved in the case of the Childs Company, whose stock-holders also voted on March 7th. Colonel Stewart, in Indiana, took his defeat "standing up." The defeat of Mr. Childs in New York, "bowled him over." He left the meeting talking like a broken man. The great economic fabric which he and his brothers, nephews, nieces and other relatives had struggled through forty years to create and bring to its present lusty proportions, was taken out of his and his family's control, and turned over to the tender mercies of the banks and big business. Here again money had the last word. The Childs family, for what reason they can perhaps best explain, had permitted the stock of the company to pass largely out of their hands. This meeting of the stock-holders was the assertion of the right which power is conventionally granted under our economic organization; the banks and big business held the stock and had the money. But the spectacle of Mr. Childs is pathetic, nevertheless. The philosopher of democracy leaves his Childs' restaurant chewing his tooth-pick in deep rumination. And he thinks below the surface of a broken old man's sensibilities. Who ventures into the jungle must observe its laws. He who leads thither his one ewe

lamb thinking to have her fatten off that pasturage must not weep too disconsolately when the wild beasts roaming there take a fancy to her. The chain of Childs restaurants actually passed out of the possession of the Child's family some time ago, not March 7th. Either because the ambition to expand overpowered them, or because the summons of out-of-the-family managerial ability has necessitated sharing financial control, or for whatever other reason, the business had manifestly grown too big for its originators. In the jungle the stronger eats the weaker. Here are no lessons of democracy. Democracy cares for the weak, does not prey upon them. But even democracy does not support the lamb in its ambition to devour the lion. In the jungle the lion wins; the lamb would better keep out if he would not be eaten.

An American correspondent in France declares that there is not a newspaper in Europe but reproduced in whole or in part the inaugural address of President Hoover. Many radios throughout western Europe tuned in on Washington, March 4th, and were able to follow most of what he said across more than three thousand miles of water. This, the correspondent remarks, is in some contrast with the usage of most former occasions when the induction into office of a new President of the United States was marked by popular indifference and by more or less detached and always brief comment from the editors of only the leading European newspapers. They tell us that the eyes of all the world are upon the United States, and all ears are open to what is said in high places in this country. The American people may properly be self-conscious. We may well at least consider what our high words mean, and what the world sees as it looks this way. The other day the world's statesmen, gathered at Geneva, were acclaiming the achievement of Elihu Root in devising the formula which is presumed to put the United States into the World Court. But all was not applause. And the most disturbing rumble of dissent came from our Latin American neighbors. Apparently we look better and sound more pleasant from a distance. It is time Mr. Hoover and Mr. Morrow and Secretary Stimson and all the rest were busy generating good will among our near neighbors. A sound comes from Cuba which prompts the conjecture that all is not lovely in the aspect we present from across the hundred-mile channel below Key West. Mr. Smoot and his western beet-sugar producers propose to boost the tariff on sugar. If they succeed sounds will come out of Cuba which will jar American complacency. It may be well to avoid "entangling alliances", but nothing can justify bad manners and greed. We have Cuba by the throat. It is very bad manners to squeeze. The Cubans will not like it at all. All the world looking at us. They are sure not to admire a boor or a brute.

Poor Mexico? How habitually and incorrigibly she does revolve! What shall be done about it? Let her alone and let her fight it out? That seems heartless, when there has already been so much bloodshed and destruction. Feed arms to one side and let that side win against the other? The Coolidge administration decided that that was the best policy; the Hoover administration "sees no reason to alter" it. Intervene, and spank both sides into decorum? No American administration would better try that. It would be scandalous even to want to. Mr. Stimson will soon be on the job; what will he do? Up to this writing no responsible commentator has been known to trace the new uprising to the instigation of American oil magnates, though there has been enough interference from this source, insidious and open, to keep a large section of American public sentiment suspicious. Is the Catholic Church pulling the string attached to the puppet rebel generals? That has not been proved, either, at this writing. Yet that suspicion, also, is hard to down. The first act of the rebel forces in the state of Sonora was to declare abrogated the established religious laws for which the Calles regime has been so bitterly condemned in clerical circles. If the church is not instigating the rebellion, it is profiting by it, and has apparently manifested no great zeal in condemning it. The program which has never been fairly tried is popular education. Even that cannot be wisely superimposed from without or from too high up. The Calles regime has made the most determined move in this direction which Mexico has known. But an effective educational program for the entire country requires money, a lot of it and for a long time. That is what no recent Mexican government has been able to command. A church which has had enormous power for three hundred years, has amassed wealth until it has dotted the land with expensive churches, has at times owned a vast proportion of the land and homes of the people, and which still holds the spirits of the great mass of the people in bondage, has showed no zeal in building schools, nor in spreading free education. Eighty per cent illiteracy is enough to condemn every agency in sight.

President Hoover's start on the law enforcement program is encouraging. He has not gotten far, but he seems to be headed in the right direction. Bootlegging and scorn of the Eighteenth Amendment are symptoms of graver evils even than an appetite for liquor. It is to be hoped that the President will put a liberal representation of laymen on his commission of nine. He says they are to review our whole procedure in the administration of law. Now we are getting down to brass tacks. The courts are enough of themselves to drive the nation to drink. If we should set out to incite bitterness and misunderstanding between citizens a more effective method could scarcely be devised than

that now in operation. It is a tribute to the essential sweetness of human nature that any sentiments of good will survive the ordeal of court litigation. A layman must hope that by some miraculous interposition a type of law court may some day emerge whose duty and joy it may be to help citizens to resolve their differences instead of magnifying them. We need a legal profession so organized that it will be to the practitioner's advantage to keep people from fighting. The legal profession of today gains its profits largely from having them fight. The President's emphasis upon persuasion and education is encouraging. The surest method of law enforcement is not to have the laws violated in the first place. People who do not want to break the law, and whose social institutions are all for helping them to observe the law, will not be greatly vexed by problems of law enforcement. When we get the legal profession and court procedure all on the side of crime prevention, there will not be enough crime to call for a very elaborate system of punishment. As this is written the President has not named his commission. The appointments will be awaited with tremulous interest by all spirits who yearn for the coming of the kingdom of good will and secure righteousness.

New York State supplies a luminous illustration of how not to do it. Surely the citizens are sick and tired of the perpetual row between the Legislature and the Governor. They have had it ever before their eyes and in their ears for the most of the past decade. With a new type of Governor there was some reason to hope that a day was dawning in which the business of the state might be conducted with less offense to good manners and more result in constructive public service. But one of the most bitter political squabbles of a long succession of them is now in full blast. The Legislature appears to be as stubborn and reckless as ever, if not more so, and the new Governor appears to have learned well the belligerent tactics of his predecessor. Governor Smith was apparently Irish enough to assume that the citizens of New York dearly love a fight. He took his popularity to commend a state administration which put up an unadjourned show in the state capitol. A different philosophy and certainly a more self-respecting practice was expected of his successor. Those who demur may expect to have it thrown up to them that the citizens are getting what they bargained for: they have for term after term sent to Albany a Legislature dominated by one political party and a Governor amenable to the opposing party. They apparently like the show, or else they feel that they can trust neither party to manage the state government. Perhaps they have too good reason to fear what either would do to them if given the power. They accordingly contrive that neither shall have the chance to do anything definitive. Much valuable social legislation is now before the New York Legislature. Some, perhaps all of it, is jeopardized by this new outbreak of the old squabbling. The most vital civic and economic legislation of a generation is directly involved, and over that the petty partisan deadlock seems complete. The self-respecting citizen is not accumulating a large fund of affection for either of the parties to the childish spat.

J. E. McAfee.

The Week Before Easter

THE GOSPEL STORY

"My greatest grounds for belief in immortality are the whole spirit and atmosphere and quality of the life of Jesus. Everything connected with his life and teaching seems to have the quality of the eternal in it and to imply immortal life."—*President King of Oberlin.*

In the Year 29 A. D.

Cleansing the Temple

And they came to Jerusalem: and he entered into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and them that bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of money-changers, and the seats of them that sold the doves: and he would not suffer that any man should carry a vessel through the temple. And he taught them and said unto them, "Is it not written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations?' but ye have made it a den of robbers!"

And the chief priests and scribes and the principal men of the people sought to destroy him.

In the Year 1929 A. D.

Why This Act?

This is an incident that militarists love. Behold, Jesus driving out the money-changers! Note several things: first, there is no record of fatalities; second, no evidence of violence to any human being; he was like a housewife sweeping out a dirty house. Third, they were *profiteers* he drove out; fourth, they had turned the "Father's House" meant for "All the Nations" into a "Den of Robbers"

The sight causes a burst of indignation. It is impossible to quote this incident on the side of violence.

Rest assured, if Jesus had been a militarist, he would have been a popular preacher at the Court of Herod!

Night of Betrayal

Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me."

The disciples began to say unto him, "Is it I, Lord?" He answered, and said, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."

And Judas who betrayed him said, "Is it I, teacher?" He said unto him, "Thou hast said."

Judas

Judas, tool of the Secret Service! Plotting and bargaining to sell Jesus! Betraying the world's Best Man! Sitting at same table, as friends! Eating from the same dish!

Out of the many phases of this unforgettable incident, attention is drawn to but one: The attitude of Jesus toward Judas—known thief, betrayer! Jesus is here at his best.

Arrested

And straightway came a multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests, scribes and elders.

Judas had give them a token, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is; take him and lead him away safely."

Simon Peter therefore having a sword drew it, and struck the high-priest's servant and cut off his right ear.

Jesus, a Convict

Jesus is at last arrested. He is a convict. One of man's greatest blunders is the prison system, with spies, prosecutors, jails unfit for animals!

Note Jesus' rebuke to Peter, "Put up your sword; for all who take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The indelible feature of the scene is that Jesus became a convict.

Before Caiaphas

And they all condemned him to be worthy of death.

Then they did spit in his face and buffet him and smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, "Prophesy unto us, thou Christ: who is he that struck thee?"

The Third Degree

The treatment of Jesus by the priests is specially revolting. "Good men" are often the cruelest. When he "held his peace" these "good men" pounded him, blindfolded him and mocked him with questions.

This, with variations, happens when men have power. It is often worse when they are pious.

Before Herod

Pilate sent him unto Herod, the king. When Herod saw Jesus. he was exceeding glad, because he had heard concerning him; and he hoped to see some miracle done by him.

And he questioned him in many words. But, Jesus answered nothing.

Then Herod with his soldiers set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in gorgeous apparel.

Royalty

Jesus' experience with kings was not very encouraging. There was "bloody Herod" of Bethlehem massacre; Herod, the murderer of John; and now this Herod.

Contrasted royalties—Jesus and Herod! What is our idea of royalty? Scores of Americans are on the waiting-list to be presented at the Court of St. James. Why? Whither? Question. In old Jerusalem, would we have left our cards at the Court of Herod?

Before Pilate

And Pilate went out unto them and said, "Behold, I find no crime in him." Jesus came out wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple garment.

When the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out saying. "Crucify him, crucify him!" Pilate saith unto them, "Take him yourselves, and crucify him: for I find no crime in him."

Speed and Justice

Jesus' trial was speedy enough to satisfy any modern reformer. But, speed and justice are not synonyms. The law's delay, in criminal cases, is often good.

The trial (?) of Jesus was a lynching party. Criminal minds conceived and engineered the enterprise, although they professed regard for law and order. The world's best man was thus treated by kings, priests. Is it different today?

Sentenced

And when Pilate saw that he prevailed nothing, but that a tumult was rising, he took water and washed his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man."

And all the people answered and said, "His blood be on us, and on our children." And they were urgent with loud voices asking that he might be crucified. And their voices prevailed.

Among Convicts

Their loud voices prevailed. The louder men yell, the further are they from truth. They won—clergy, rulers, judges, soldiers, yet the cross of Jesus "towers o'er the wrecks of Time." The best man in Jerusalem was destroyed,—epitome of a common human tragedy.

Two other convicts were led out with him to death. It is well never to forget that Jesus marched in a convicts' gang. We are at liberty to draw our own moral.

The Crucifixion

And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, there they crucified him, and the two malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

And Jesus said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part.

And the people stood beholding. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads.

In like manner, also, the chief priests mocking him, with the scribes and elders, said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

Forgiveness

The forgiveness of Jesus has held the imagination of mankind. The cross, with its forgiveness, has worked itself into the fibre of man's being. Jesus' enemies and tormentors had not asked for pardon. It was granted before asked for! Note that. They did not *know* what they were doing.

Jesus has made forgiveness imperative. This is Jesus' way—there is no other that will answer. Forgiveness is primary. God's universe rolls over the man who does not forgive his enemies. Forgiveness is power. It cures.

Forgiveness would cure the mad nations, who think they can get out of their chaos by reparation committees. Nothing short of forgiveness will work the cure.

At the Cross

And one of the malefactors said, "Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." Jesus replied, "Verily, I say unto you, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he said, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to the disciple, "Behold, thy mother!"

And, when the sixth hour was come, he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

After this, Jesus saith, "I thirst!" . . . And Jesus said, "It is finished!" . . . And Jesus crying with a loud voice, said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The Eternal Problem

On Friday, the crucifixion will be celebrated. There will be services, *services,* SERVICES—attended by millions.

The "Seven Words" of the Cross will be read, sung, chanted, prayed, and explained. Will it be observed that Jesus declared a blanket-forgiveness for everybody? Will it be observed that he was not ashamed of his convict-company?

Why was the world's best man a crucified convict? It was the forces of the jungle combining against the truth. The animal is ever lurking in the jungle to destroy. This is the eternal tragedy. The wild beasts—in priests, scribes, rulers—unreasoning, cruel—crushed him.

But he won, though he died—yes, because he died.

After the Crucifixion

And after these things, when even was come, came Joseph, a disciple of Jesus, but secretly; and he boldly went in unto Pilate, and asked for the body of Jesus. . . He came therefore and took away his body.

And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld the tomb and how his body was laid.

Now on the first day of week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb. She runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him."

And he saith unto them, "Ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, who hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him!"

The Immortal Life

The world's best man has been put to death. That he is not dead is shown by the fact that for 2,000 years he has been called the world's best man, and around him has grown up faith in immortality.

A few words about immortality. The Christian faith in immortality first took root in the heart of a woman. A converted harlot was the Christian "Columbus" of another world.

Next, it was in the hearts of impulsive common people —like Peter and John—that this faith took root, not in the hearts of Herod, wise men, priests, merchants. Faith in immortality decreases as "possessions" of gold, learning, power increase. A rich nation never yet has been rich in faith.

The Christian faith in immortality came into the world, not through debates or conferences, but through the experience of humble people who came in contact with Jesus. It is kept alive in the same way.

Sight never should be lost of the *kind of man*, the *kind of life* around which humanity has centered its faith.

A perusal of the story of the last week of Jesus' life is an invitation to meditation and prayer, which amounts to an invitation to power. The lives of all need to be refreshed, vital principles reaffirmed. Jesus was much in silence. How can we hear, unless we listen? One who has learned to hear has more power than one who has learned to speak. Time spent in meditation and prayer is the time best spent. The best prayer is the prayer of silence. No one has power who has not entered the unseen, for the seen-world is so noisy, so small a fraction of life. The harder the task, the more important it is to pray.

One cannot meet the world-forces as they appeared to Jesus in the shape of fleeing disciples, betraying friends, fanatical priests, unjust rulers, the sneers and jeers of the crowd, the sight of the approaching cross, unless sustained by an inner and unseen power.

When one realizes that it is the things that are "unseen that are eternal" he has taken a long step to acquiring faith in immortality. Easter morning seems like a natural and logical ending of a week spent by one so actuated by eternal life. All the seen forces of the world tried to crush him—but in vain! He arose. And multitudes since have been by him raised into newness of life,—new hope, new faith, new love, new power.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

[Editorial Correspondence]

VII

I Have An Adventure

After a week in Jerusalem, the experiences of which in the way of observations and inquiries into the Zionist movement I shall report in later articles in this series, I have started north on a ten days' automobile tour through Galilee and Syria. Two days on the road have plunged us into storms almost unprecedented for this country. Continual rains have swept the mountains and drenched the plains. Farther north and west, heavy snows have fallen. Everywhere roads are washed away or blocked, railway service suspended, telegraph and telephone lines down. The winds are high, the cold severe, and the population generally miserable. We are seeing the near East under conditions which resemble the far West!

Samaria and the Samaritans

Starting from Jerusalem on a lowering Monday morning, we drove north on the high road to Nazareth and Tiberias. The country was lonely, but speedily gave signs of being much more fertile than the wilderness country to the east. This was land which could be cultivated, and could sustain a population. We were interested, as we sped along, in passing camel trains, herds of sheep and cattle, wayfarers with or without donkeys on their way to the city for a day's trading, Arab villages in the distance, and occasional ruins of crusading or earlier times. Now and again our host, Dr. Judah Magnes, Chancellor of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, pointed out mounds, or "tels", as he called them, which marked the sites of ancient fortresses or cities, and contained successive layers, like geological strata, of the remains of the passing civilizations and cultures of ancient days. Certain of these "tels" are being excavated, with results not gorgeous like those of Egypt but immensely satisfying to historian and archeologist. Dr. Magnes, learned in the lore of the land, showed us famous Biblical scenes and brought to mind many a chapter of Old and New Testament.

After some two hours of riding, we came to the town of Nablus, better known as the ancient Shechem. Readers of John's Gospel will remember that "Jacob's well was there"! Here on the outskirts of the present small and shabby village live a group of Samaritans, one hundred and fifty in number, who are the sole survivors of that Samaritan community which played so large a part in Jewish life in the New Testament and earlier days. For some 2500 years these Samaritans have endured as a separate people, and these survivors, as independent and proud as ever, still maintain the traditions of their tribe and the sanctity of their altar.

Into narrow streets we went, passed through dark and foul-smelling alleys, stooped under low arcades, climbed stairways between cold, damp walls, and came at last, as through a maze, to the miserable homes of the Samaritans. We were met by a tall, gaunt man, arrayed in bright-colored robes, who introduced himself as the son of the high priest who was at the moment

absent in Egypt on a mission. He offered to show us the synagogue, which was solemnly opened by three men, each holding a separate key for the release of a separate lock. For centuries, we were told, the synagogue has been in the custody of three priestly families, each one of which clung tenaciously to its high privilege and responsibility! The synagogue proved to be a single, low-vaulted chamber, with the familiar paraphernalia of worship. The scroll of the Law was brought out for our inspection, and the text written on ancient parchment was said to date from the seventh year after the death of Moses. We were polite enough to look properly impressed, and generous enough to give the tips for which eager palms were eagerly extended. It was a rather pitiful experience. Back through the arches and alleys we made our way, and rejoiced again to feel the fresh air on our faces. I looked up at Mt. Gerizim, towering into the mist on our right, and remembered gratefully that it was "neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, that (men) worshipped the Father". The great Nazarene had little use for these things!

Into the Mountains

Another hour, and we were out of the mountains and descending easily into the rich plain of Esdraelon. Here was the great highway and battle-ground between East and West. Like a gash from some giant hand, it cut the mountains, and gave access from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates and beyond. Through this valley had passed and repassed every army from the days of the most ancient Egyptians to the days of English and Turks in 1917. Tiglath-Pileser and Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzer and Cyrus, Alexander and Pompey, Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard Ceour de Lion, Ali and Saladin, Napoleon and Allenby, had all crossed this valley and looked upon these hills. Deep in the rich soil of the plain mingled the bones and arms of Philistines, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Turks, and all European peoples. Here was the spring where Gideon chose his 300 men for the defense of Israel; there was Gilboa where Saul was defeated and slain with Jonathon, his son; yonder was Baizan where Saul's head was nailed up for all to see after his overthrow. If nature were not kind, these stones and dust would bear the stains of all the wars of all the last five thousand years. But nature *is* kind, and Esdraelon lies green, beautiful and peaceful beneath the gaze of the passing traveler.

On the edge of this plain it had been agreed that the Chancellor of the University and I should leave the car and take horses into the mountains, to visit two remote and highly interesting Zionist colonies of the Communistic order. In one of these colonies the mosaic floor of an ancient Jewish synagogue had recently been uncovered in the course of some ditch-digging, and the Chancellor was going in to examine and photograph the "find". I was to accompany him, and survey the colony as an important specimen of Zionist colonization of the homeland.

It had rained for days, and the roads were wet and muddy. The sky was now dark and threatening. Nevertheless, here were the horses, brought to the roadside by one of the colonists, and everything was ready. So we mounted our steeds, said good-bye to the folks, and rode away. Within a hundred yards, we passed through an Arab village of five hundred souls. All the houses were of mud, built low to the ground, with a hole here and there as a vent, and a door through which crawled man and beast to the foul straw within. They reminded me more of Esquimaux igloos than of anything else of which I could think. Behind the houses were huge piles of dried camel dung, for fuel. Mud and filth were everywhere. A dog was eating some kind of dead animal by the road; a forlorn figure was passing between the houses; two bare-footed women were trudging over the fields bearing huge bundles of brush upon their heads. Of all the five hundred persons, these were the only ones we saw.

As we moved through the village—four horses in single file—it began to rain again. We buttoned up our coats securely, wrapped the saddle-robes about our legs, and pushed ahead. Within an hour, we had reached a Jewish colony upon our way—Ain Harod, by name—with the rain pouring down upon us in torrents. We dismounted for a few moments' rest and refreshment, were cheered by cups of hot tea, spent a half hour or so splashing 'round the settlement, and then, in a heavier rain than ever, mounted our dripping horses, and started down the lonely road.

The way was now a bog, deep with mud and pouring with water. The horses plunged into the mud well up to their knees. My horse was tired, and again and again stopped in sheer despair at the prospect. Frequently we would leave the road and try the pastures, only to find ourselves more deeply in the mud than ever. Mile after mile we went on, encouraging the struggling horses, and shifting our wraps to keep ourselves in some way warm and dry. Now and again something would happen to enliven our melancholy journey. We met a caravan of five camels, which our horses refused to pass. Nothing to do but lash the animals across a ditch, and make a wide detour through the mucky fields! We passed a shepherd on the hillside, with his shivering sheep gathered about him as though for shelter. We encountered a lone horseman—the veterinary, so we were told, traveling from village to village to tend the stock. A moment of genuine excitement came when three wild boars went dashing across the road. But most of the time there was nothing but the rain and the mud and the chilling cold. The valley stretched out green and beautiful on our left, the mountains loomed rocky and steep on our right; but we saw little but the road, and felt little but the wet.

As we struggled along, I thought of wet days on the Maine coast. Then I thought of the blazing hearthfires before which we dried our clothing, warmed our chilled limbs, and toasted our apples and marshmallows. Then I recollected that there was no fuel in this country—no coal, and no wood—and that when we arrived at our destination, we should find no warmth of any kind. The anticipation was correct! About four o'clock in the afternoon, with the rain heavier than ever, we reached the colony of Beth Alpha. We dismounted in a sea of mud, stalked into the dining-hall which was as cold as all out-doors, and there, without removing a garment or even our hats, we sat till nine o'clock, sipping hot coffee, munching dry bread, eating a dinner of soup, boiled cauliflower and more coffee, and talking Zionism, Communism and pacifism. On our way to bed, we visited various buildings of the settlement, inspected the work, questioned the members; then, cold, forlorn, and apprehensive of the morning, we went to our room, and snuggled into bed.

All night long the storm raged. In the morning, the land looked like Noah's flood. Our plan was to take horses again, ride three miles into the valley to a railroad station, and there catch a train for Tiberias, where we were to rejoin our automobile. In the early hours of what for a time promised to be a better day, we started off, only to be overtaken by a renewal of the storm. The road was now quite turned to water. As we descended into the valley, we went splashing through plunging torrents of water which seemed like brooks or even rivers. At last, when our haven by the railway was just looming into view, we found that a veritable cataract had swept across the road during the night and carried it entirely away. Up the raging stream and down we sought a place where it would be safe to drive or swim the horses across, but all in vain. No horse could live in such a flood as that! Nothing to do but turn back, and retrace all that frightful road over which we had struggled the day before! Not until hours beyond the appointed time did we reach Tiberias, and get started upon our scheduled journey to Damascus.

The Road to Damascus

At three o'clock we were off by automobile over that "road to Damascus" over which Paul was journeying when he was smitten by the vision of the risen Christ. For four thousand years it had been the highway from south to north—we were traveling the trail of countless caravans and myriads of pilgrims. In all that time I doubt if the road was ever darker or more forbidding. Suddenly, after some two hours' riding, we were stopped by the loud horn-blasts of a passing auto. The water was pouring over the highway some miles ahead—the road was in bad condition and might go out at any time—we would be wise if we turned back! What should we do? The gathering night decided the question. Better the bad but still passable conditions behind us, than the uncertainties and dangers before! So back we went—back along the shores of the Sea of Galilee—back to Tiberias, now as squalid as it was once glorious. A warm hotel and a good dinner awaited us. By ten o'clock we were in bed, anxious as to the adventures which awaited us upon the morrow.

Tiberias, Palestine. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Religion and Life

It is the purpose of this article to point out some of the most striking characteristics of the present age with the hope of gaining a more intelligent and clearer conception of the function of religion in modern life. Chesterton once said that every man has his philosophy, but today it is almost impossible for one mind to grasp even a faint glimmer of the meaning of all time and all existence. The man who in Emerson's phrase, "Takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowables as his food," will find that he cannot possibly attain unto the universality of knowledge. The accumulation of human experience through the ages and the specialization of knowledge in the present era has made it ridiculous for one even to hope for a "total view of things." The general outlook which the majority of people hold today consists of some few slip-shop observations of life, a bundle of prejudices, a superficial acquaintance with science, a strain of superstition about the universe, and a rumor or two concerning a social theory of life. To call this a philosophy or a religion is absurd. Yet the world is spiritually hungry for an interpretation of life which shall harmonize with the actual conditions which prevail. Mankind was never in greater need of some "centralizing concept of life's meaning." Has religion anything to offer to the spiritual vagabonds who are somewhat confused with regard to modern world tendencies?

The first observation which I desire to make is that the public is too ready to listen to the pet theories of the specialists. It is like a reed shaken in the wind and every popular idea sweeps if off its feet. The philosopher offers behaviorism as a panacea for all the ills of life, the psychologist tells the man in the street that psychoanalysis is the only foundation for a right understanding of life, the biologist states that self-preservation is the first law of life and that the survival of the fittest has been the natural law of the ages, the economist insists upon an economic interpretation of history, the mathematician and physicist favor the mechanistic interpretation of the universe, the shrewd business man sees materialism as his god, while countless others emphasize mysticism, determinism, idealism, humanism, and many other one-sided views of the world. All of these interpretations have their value, but not one of them states the whole case. The knowledge which the many experts offer is very enlightening and useful, but the public must be on its guard lest these sweeping generalizations of the specialists lead it too far astray. Marvelous are the achievements of modern science. Such accomplishments as the determination of the chemical composition of stellar bodies by means of the spectroscope, the detection of organisms so small that a solution diluted five million times still contains them in sufficient numbers to affect one injuriously, the astronomical story of evolution millions of years before the appearance of man upon earth and the prediction "thousands of years in advance of changes that will ultimately overtake this globe"; such accomplishments make a strong appeal to the popular mind and they compel one to change his ideas about the world. And the thinking man is forced to reconstruct his religion to make it commensurate with these great achievements. Here is one contribution science can make to religion.

It offers religion the method of experimentation rather than that of apology. Science has always been willing to tear down its old theories in the light of new discoveries, while religion more often than not has simply patched up the old structure. Science "puts new wine into new wine-skins," while religion seeks to put new wine in old wine-skins with the result that both the wine and the skins perish. The discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Darwin, Einstein, and others of the present day forced science to sacrifice some of those basic truths that were considered fixed and settled for all time. Science has advanced to new truths by

the method of experimentation. But look at religion. It has been patched up so many times through the ages that one wonders what the original garment might have looked like. Instead of being apologetic and trying to patch up the old theological ideas in the light of every new discovery, why can't religion experiment with the real issues of life and help people feel at home in this new world of the specialists? To me this is the real function of modern religion. On the one hand, it must help the people of the modern world adjust themselves to the new conditions that prevail and on the other hand, it must give them that broad outlook upon life that will protect them from the sweeping generalizations of the specialists. The expert in the many branches of learning is ready to say, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free," but the plain intelligent man must be on his guard lest the truth of the expert prove only half-truth. Religion, to be effective, must add this new dimension to the mental and emotional stature. The common man will then be able to place a true estimate upon the facts of existence as he meets them in the work-a-day world. Modern religion can help him feel at home in the new world of the specialists.

In the second place religion must offer some sound interpretation of life that shall satisfy the deepest yearnings of humanity. The people of the present day are as anxious as Browning was in his day to know that,

> This world's no blot for us, nor blank,
> It means intensely and means good:
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

The religious thinkers of present-day thought are more bewildered than ever as to the final outcome of religion. The ones who are the most disturbed are the ones who are marking time fostering illusions rather than making an earnest and sincere attempt to understand modern life. When a man meets disaster because of a certain procedure of life which he has adopted from a former generation, the present popular religion of illusion steps forth to assure him that it is God's will that is being carried out. No attempt is made to understand the particular situation which this man is grappling with and it is surely not helping matters to offer illusions in such a case. Human ills cannot be cured as easily as that. The religion of the future must take conditions as they are and help men meet every situation with courage and hope. Instead of offering a sugar-and-spice tonic to discouraged humanity the religion of the coming day must face the facts of every-day life and help people make the necessary adjustments. Friendship would be impossible if men were incapable of adjusting themselves to new conditions. Every friendship calls for a radical readjustment of one personality to that of another. Sometimes the adaptation of one person to another is very difficult and delicate, but life would be worthless unless such personal adaptations were made. So it is with religion. It must point the way to an ever-expanding personality through continued adaptations which are ofttimes very difficult. Religion alone can give perspective to life as well as meaning.

There is one other aspect of the religious situation which should be considered in this connection. It is commonly supposed that religion is making some progress in the way of the enrichment of modern life. Sometimes it does this by conserving the religious wealth of the past, while at other times it adds to that wealth. I wish to emphasize the fact that religion has a great work to perform with regard to this process of conserving and progressing. It takes two types of men for this great task. In the field of literature these are well exemplified by Paul Elmer More and Walt Whitman. The former delved into the best literature of the ages and in a series of volumes like the Shelburne Essays preserved for all time the literary heritage of the past. His own great personality stamped upon every page of his work adds richness and beauty to the literature of the ages. The work of More is that of the conservative. Walt Whitman was entirely different in his method and style. He identified himself with every person he met and in his "Leaves of Grass" he expressed the hopes and fears, joys and discouragements of the whole American people. Walt Whitman was alive to all the fullness of the immediate world. His contemplation upon the common-place things of life made him a creative spirit and a progressive. As in literature, so in religion. Conservatives and progressives are both needed. The former must be widely read and broad-minded in order to bring to mankind the achievements of the ages in the field of religion. They must be prophets who catch the spirit that has moved men on to greater goals. The latter must be more initiative and be willing to advance to new truths. They must be prophets of an appealing possibility. They need courage to go about realizing the long-deferred hopes of humanity.

Here is another function, then, of modern religion. It must teach people something of the spirit that has moved men to action in former days and then it must give them courage to carry to fulfillment what they failed to accomplish. Browning once said,

> Our reach must exceed our grasp or what's a heaven for.

This grasp-exceeding reach is needed in modern religious living in order to undertake the task of reconstruction and advancement.

By way of summary let me say that the religious intelligent man must make what H. G. Wells calls the "Adventure of the Greater Man." He will guard himself against the partial, superficial conceptions of the world and man which the specialists emphasize. But on the other hand, he will try to gain for himself that new religious dimension whereby he may feel at home in the "World of William Clissold." He will realize that life is a series of experiments in which one constantly discards his old ways for new ones. The popular religion of illusion that is so wide-spread will be anathema to this sincere and liberal thinker. Religion will be seen as a glorious adventure into the unknown issues of life, transient though they be. And last of all, the true religious man will be both conservative and progressive. He will know the good of former ages and to that treasure he will impart his own spiritual contribution. He will know even as Lowell did, that:

> New occasions teach new duties
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.
> They must upward still and onward
> Who would keep abreast of truth.
> Lo, before us, gleam her campfires,
> We ourselves must pilgrims be,
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
> Through the desperate winter's sea;
> Nor attempt the future's portal
> With the past's blood-rusted key.

WARREN P. BLODGETT.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XXIV AND XXV

"The Onion Thief"

Champaran being a far away corner of India and the press having been kept out of the campaign, it did not attract visitors from outside. Not so with the Kheda campaign, of which the happenings were reported in the press from day to day.

The Gujaratis were deeply interested in the fight which was for them a novel experiment. They were ready to pour forth their riches for the success of the cause. It was not easy for them to see that Satyagraha could not be conducted simply by means of money. Money is a thing that it needs least. In spite of my remonstrance, the Bombay merchants sent us more money than necessary, so that we had some balance left at the end of the campaign.

At the same time the Satyagrahi volunteers had to learn the new lesson of simplicity. I cannot say that they imbibed it fully, but they considerably changed their ways of life.

For the Patidar farmers too the fight was quite a new thing. We had, therefore, to go about from village to village explaining the principles of Satyagraha.

The main thing was to rid the agriculturists of their fear by making them realise that the officials were not the masters, but the servants of the people, inasmuch as they received their salaries from the tax-payer. And then it seemed well nigh impossible to make them realise the duty of combining civility with fearlessness. Once they had shed the fear of the officials, how could they be stopped from returning their insults? And yet if they resorted to incivility it would spoil their Satyagraha, like a drop of arsenic in milk. I realised later that they had less fully learned the lesson of civility than I had expected. Experience has taught me that civility is the most difficult part of Satyagraha. Civility does not here mean the mere outward gentleness of speech cultivated for the occasion but an inborn gentleness and desire to do the opponent good. These should show themselves in every act of a Satyagrahi.

In the initial stages though the people exhibited much courage, the Government did not seem to be inclined to take strong action. But as the people seemed not to waver in their firmness, the Government began coercion. The attachment officers sold people's cattle and seized whatever moveables they could lay hands on. Penalty notices were served, and in some cases standing crops were attached. This unnerved the peasants, some of whom paid up their dues while others desired to place safe moveables in the way of the officials so that they might attach them to realise the dues. On the other hand some were prepared to fight to the bitter end.

While these things were going on, one of Sjt. Shankarlal Parikh's tenants paid up the assessment in respect of his land. This created a sensation. Sjt. Shankarlal Parikh immediately made amends for his tenant's mistake by giving away for charitable purposes the land for which the assessment had been paid. He thus saved his honour and set a good example to others.

With a view to steeling the hearts of those who were frightened, I advised the people, under the leadership of Sjt. Mohanlal Pandya, to remove the crop of onion from a field which had been in my opinion wrongly attached. I did not regard this as civil disobedience, but even if it was, I suggested that this attachment of standing crops, though it might be in accordance with law, was morally wrong, and was nothing short of looting, and that therefore it was the people's duty to remove the onion in spite of the order of attachment. This was a good opportunity for the people to learn a lesson in courting fines or imprisonment, which was the necessary consequence of such disobedience. For Sjt. Monhanlal Pandya it was a thing after his heart. He did not like the campaign to end without some one undergoing suffering in the shape of imprisonment for something done consistently with the principles of Satyagraha. So he volunteered to remove the onion crop from the field, and in this seven or eight friends joined him.

It was impossible for the Government to leave them free. The arrest of Sjt. Mohanlal and his companions added to the people's enthusiasm. When the fear of jail disappears, repression puts heart into the people. Crowds of them besieged the court-house on the day of the hearing. Pandya and his companions were convicted and sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment. I was of opinion that the conviction was wrong, because the act of removing the onion could not come under the definition of "theft" in the Penal Code. But no appeal was filed as the policy was to avoid the law courts.

A procession escorted the "convicts" to jail and on that day Sjt. Mohanlal Pandya earned from the pepole the honoured title of *"dungli chor"* (onion thief) which he enjoys to this day.

End of Kheda Satyagraha

The campaign came to an unexpected end. It was clear that the people were exhausted and I hesitated to let the unbending be driven to utter ruin. I was casting about for some graceful way of terminating the struggle which would be acceptable to a Satyagrahi. Such a one appeared quite unexpectedly. The Mamlatdar of the Nadiad Taluka sent me word that if well-to-do Patidars paid up, the poorer ones would be granted suspension. I asked for a written agreement to that effect which was given. But as a Mamlatdar could be responsible only for his Taluka, I inquired of the Collector, who alone could give an agreement in respect of the whole district, whether the Mamlatdar's agreement was true for the whole district. He replied that orders declaring suspension in terms of the Mamlatdar's letter had been already issued. I was not aware of it, but if it was a fact, the people's pledge had been fulfilled. The pledge, it will be remembered, had the same thing for its object and so we expressed ourselves satisfied with the orders.

However, the end was far from making me feel happy, inasmuch as it lacked the grace with which the termination of every Satyagraha campaign ought to be

accompanied. The Collector carried on as though he had done nothing by way of a settlement. The poor were to be granted suspension, but hardly any got the benefit of it. It was the people's right to determine who was poor, but they could not exercise it. I was sad that they had not the strength to exercise the right. Although therefore the termination was celebrated as a triumph of Satyagraha, I could not enthuse over it as it lacked the essentials of a complete triumph.

The end of a Satyagraha campaign could be described as worthy, only when it leaves the Satyagrahis stronger and more spirited than they were in the beginning.

The campaign was not however without its indirect effective results which we can see today and of which the benefit we are reaping. The Kheda Satyagraha marks the beginning of an awakening among the peasants of Gujarat, the beginning of their true political education.

Dr. Besant's brilliant Home Rule agitation had certainly touched the peasants, but it was the Kheda campaign that compelled the educated public workers to establish contact with the actual life of the peasants. They learnt to identify themselves with the latter. They found their proper sphere of work, their capacity for sacrifice increased. That Vallabhbhai found himself during his campaign was by itself no small achievement. We could realize its measure during the flood relief operations last year and the Bardoli Satyagraha this year. Public life in Gujarat became instinct with a new energy and a new vigour. The Patidar peasant came to an unforgettable consciousness of his strength. The lesson was indelibly imprinted on the public mind that the salvation of the people depends upon themselves, upon their capacity for suffering and sacrifice. Through the Kheda campaign Satyagraha took firm root in the soil of Gujarat.

Although therefore I found nothing to enthuse over the termination of the Satyagraha, the Kheda peasants were jubilant because they knew that what they had achieved was commensurate with their effort, and they had found the true and infallible method for a redress of their grievances. This knowledge was enough justification for their jubilation.

Nevertheless the Kheda peasants had not fully understood the inner meaning of Satyagraha, and they saw it to their cost, as we shall see in the chapters to follow.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

The Twenty-one Demands Against China

To the knowledge of the unfortunate twenty-one Japanese demands on China, I may make the following addition, not yet published as far as I have noticed.

In the early days—1900—Michitaro Shindo came from Japan to Stanford University as a freshman, intending to study for medicine. As a faithful worker and an earnest student, much in need of money, he was early installed as head janitor at Encina Hall, where he was known to every one as "George." In the summer he was employed for some time as temporary assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, helping in Gilbert and Cramer's explorations in Oregon and the Columbia River region. In 1901 he was assistant to Jordan and Kellogg in explorations in Samoa.

Returning to Japan, he found himself placed in charge of the emigration of Japanese laborers to Brazil. Of these he could never find enough to meet the demand. No one with any land, even an acre, would leave for Brazil. Their usual plea was: "We prefer to stay in Japan, where our customs fit us like a garment." Still later, Shindo became a personal secretary to Count Okuma, the Premier of Japan, residing in the Count's personal household.

It will be remembered that among the compromises following the feudal system, Japan was left with a triangular government, over which the Mikado ruled. Besides civil authority was the military, centering in the province of Choshu, and the navy, in Satsuma. The military (not the Japanese people) had their own virtues, but among them were many who yearned for the conquest of China. So some of their representatives brought over to Okuma the twenty-one demands. Shindo told me in 1923 that "they put it over on Okuma." I had no chance to secure details on account of the entrance of "certain people of importance," but I presume that the peace-loving, but impulsive, old leader was too proud to acknowledge that he had signed the fateful document without reading it.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Easter

Beauty for ashes forever the planet puts on!
Blossoms and birdlings and brooks when the winter is gone!
Rise, O my soul, to the Easter without and within;
Flee from life's bareness and weakness and selfhood and sin.
Live with the lavish forthspending of Nature at play;
Fling on the path of thy fellows some luminous ray.
Sleep not while War and Oppression hold nations in woe;
Wide in the furrows of Man seed regenerate sow.
Listen! the song of Humanity's springtime is near!
Join in the chorus sublime which the race yet shall hear.
Laugh like the sun, sound the bobolink's jubilant cry:
This shall be Easter full-bloom, fit for earth or for sky.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Study Table

"Taking the Name of Science in Vain"*

One hesitates to speak of a book like Mr. Bridges' "Taking the Name of Science in Vain" for fear of being led by the example of the author into a lapse from that platonic urbanity which is the ideal of all rational discourse, and the lack of which in certain of his contemporaries Mr. Bridges so deeply, and, in one case at least, quite rightly deplores. Mr. Bridges calls for an unbiased examination of certain claims made in the name of science by such extreme mechanists as J. B. Watson, and of the mechanist's inescapable pessimism (as evidenced by the philosophy of Clarence Darrow) and its inevitable effect upon human idealism; he calls upon the young men and women of today to abandon the irresponsible, if not positively misdirected, iconoclasm of H. L. Mencken for the saner leadership of deliberative reason; and he goes on, curiously enough, to indicate both the direction in which really unprejudiced reason ought to lead them and the pot of gold, in the shape of the theory of emergent evolution, which lies at the end of the road.

The difficulty is that the examination which Mr. Bridges proceeds to make of the situation is far from being an unbiased one. Any reader coming to the book as to an issue not yet settled, and of course no philosophical issue really is settled, would find himself almost driven to take the other side of the question out of sheer antagonism aroused by an overly dogmatic and polemical style. Even one who came to the book believing, as does the writer of this review, with Mr. Bridges that the theory of emergent evolution is the most probable description of our prehistoric path, could, if he had succeeded in holding his belief aloof from emotional entanglements, feel nothing but regret to see that in which he had felt such keen delight, as in one of the truest and most clarifying and significant steps that our creative imagination had ever taken, being made the excuse for "Journalistic rhodomontade" and the subject of reasoning as specious as any of which the race has ever been guilty.

Any one who glances at the book may satisfy himself as to its dogmatism and its almost unjustifiably controversial spirit. The pages are plentifully splashed with question begging epithets, and, in spite of his opening paragraph in which he, rather paradoxically, quotes Cicero to the effect that reasons not authorities should carry weight in any given dispute, Mr. Bridges constantly cites authorities, not only as such but usually surrounded by an aura of insidious or open eulogy which makes the appeal one to the emotions of the unwary reader as well as one to a possible expert in the field. But what proves beyond all doubt that the mind of a writer as able as Mr. Bridges is must have been blinded by a prepossession rather than in a state conducive to an unbiased consideration of facts is that the same reasoning which is laughed at as absurd when Mr. Darrow is responsible is condoned as the best that we have, a best that is undoubtedly on its way to perfection, when Mr. Bridges is responsible, and facts that are presented by Mr. Spencer are obviously contradictory to fact, although the same data are presented as conclusive evidence for certain conclusions that Mr. Bridges wishes to draw.

To tear an argument to bits and point out logical flaws is a picayune and unedifying business, but since I would not lightly accuse of specious reasoning a man of Mr. Bridges' unquestioned ability, let me cite an instance or two of the sort of thing to which I have reference. In speaking of Mr. Darrow's position with regard to crime, Mr. Bridges points out the inherent contradiction in an appeal to society (by implication free to respond) for clemency toward a criminal on the grounds that the criminal is determined. He goes on to say (p. 91):

> I submit that in this exposure of the chronic paralogism of the mechanistic determinism there is no misrepresentation and no exaggeration . . . Two years ago this argument was elaborated by me in a published critique of Mr. Darrow, and more recently in an essay on Mr. Mencken. From the latter, no word has come in reply, though my essay was duly sent to him. Mr. Darrow published an answer in the *Century Magazine* in which he never even comes within sight of the dilemma I had carefully pressed upon him. Until this significant silence is broken, I shall venture to assume that my opponents find the argument unanswerable.

The reader, and evidently the author, is led to suppose that the author has scored heavily against the mechanists by reducing their reasoning to an absurdity. But when Mr. Bridges sets out to demonstrate that the civic responsibility of the individual is implied in the theory of emergent evolution (the whole chapter is, of course, an appeal *ad populum* rather than an appeal to reason) and runs into a similar logical cul-de-sac, being forced to admit that it takes society to make men and men to make society, note the difference in tone and substance of his remarks (p. 206):

> We here encounter one of those bewildering paradoxes that lie in wait for us along every line of thought on which we attempt to trail things back to their origins. The old egg-and-chicken riddle, of which every schoolboy has heard, is the proverbial case in point. There could not be a chicken unless there had first been an egg; but no egg can be produced except by a chicken. Again, although we still say, "All life comes from pre-existing life," yet we also hold that there was a time when the earth was lifeless. We cannot conceive limits to space beyond which space is not, nor can we frame any clear idea corresponding to the words "unlimited space." *Such antinomies are due to the infirmity of reason as thus far evolved in us, and to the incurable defects of our information.* (Italics mine.)

The *impasse* between free will and determinism has a universally recognized place among the antinomies, but *paralogism* is the more disparaging term. Consequently the mechanists are guilty of a paralogism, and their sin puts their theory out of the lists. When the emergent evolutionist finds himself in the same predicament, it is, evidently, no whit a reflection against his theory, the guilt is shifted to the limitations of human reason—though it is the evolutionist who is exalting reason. It is just such rationalistic juggling feats of the human mind that support the position taken by Mr. J. H. Robinson in his book, "The Mind in the Making," a position which Mr. Bridges considers bankrupt.

In this same chapter on "Civic Rights and Duties," Mr. Bridges insists that man is developed as we know him only in and through society (p. 206 ff.):

> ". . . The mere bodily existence of any single specimen of him (man) is inconceivable without presupposing a prior society, and the growth of his true nature, after he is born and has attained physical self-sufficiency—unlike that of any other creature—still requires constant interaction between him

*"Taking the Name of Science in Vain," by Horace J. Bridges. Published by Macmillan. $2.50.

and his similarly endowed fellows. (Paragraph quoted above.)

"When we contemplate man as he is, we have to admit that, although it takes men to make society, it takes society to make each individual man . . . We say the Fathers made America by waging the War of Independence, creating the Constitution, etc.; which is true. Yet it is no less true that they were able to do these things only because America had first made them. And that same time-spanning spirit which made them and lived on in them has done similarly by all the ensuing generations down to our own day, and is now preparing and *conditioning* the life that will be lived by our children's grandchildren . . . to start our thinking aright, we have to return to the plain common sense of Aristotle's statement, that man is a *zoon politikon,* a social animal, *producible only in and by the* polis or community in which alone we ever encounter him. . . ." (Italics mine.)

All this sounds rather like Darrow and Watson, to say nothing of the more moderate Spencer. Yet the idea that the individual is the product of society annoys Mr. Bridges earlier in the book. Then he says that

"If one persists in trying to think clearly, there is absolutely no escape from admitting at last that those 'past experiences of the race,' out of which 'the faculties of the individual' are said to have been 'built up,' were themselves rendered possible *only by those very 'faculties' which they are alleged to have produced.*" (Italics his.)

If Mr. Bridges recognizes the antinomy, why should he repudiate so scornfully, simply because Mr. Spencer and Mr. Stephen have hold of it at the time, the very horn of the dilemma which he himself is to grasp later? Moreover if an antinomy is involved, how be sure that one position is truer than another? Mr. Watson would say that Mr. Bridges has been conditioned to respond antagonistically to mechanistic verbalizations and eulogistically to his own.

It may be true that the repetitive evolutionists and the behaviorists have over emphasized the conditioning power of the environment, yet the one pointed the way to emergent evolution and the other may point the way to the successor of emergent evolution. It seems scarcely fair to brutally belabor the head of the man upon whose shoulders one is standing, any more than it seems wise to forget that the theory of emergent evolution must always, from the very nature of the case, remain a theory and masquerades only when it assumes the dress of dogma. In truth, if the book in question were the best example of clear thinking and fair criticism to which we could send our youth, it might be more human, more rational, to join the ranks of the pessimists, regretfully laying the theory of emergent evolution among the other souvenirs of our folly and conceding the inability of our reason to escape the quagmires and confusions of our prejudices and prepossessions, for Mr. Bridges seems indeed to have taken the name of science in vain, to have blasphemed against its tentative, impartial, and super-personal spirit.

E. T. KNOWER.

Correspondence

Exiles in French Guiana

Editor of UNITY:

We desire to call the attention of your readers to the tragedy of certain French conscientious objectors to war, convicted during the World War, who are still today in exile in the penal colony of French Guiana on the South American coast.

To the atrocities of Devil's Island, made famous by the Dreyfus case, and revealed again in its present-day horrors by Blair Niles in "Condemned" and by a French journalist in "Dante Saw Nothing," are now added the revelations of the penal colony on the mainland to which certain convicts are shipped from France after completing their prison sentences there.

Some must stay for a period of years equal to their imprisonment in France; those sentenced to more than eight years must stay for life. Even after the period is up, convicts must themselves find the means to get back home. The French government pays nothing.

Our attention was called to the tragic plight of some twenty conscientious objectors now there, whose terms are up but who are too poor to get home, by a letter from one of them to the War Resisters International at London. This man, Pierre de Thèze, a French journalist and Socialist, was condemned in 1915 for his refusal to take part in the war. After serving seven years in France, he was shipped to Guiana. The facts he reports have been verified. He says:

"I venture to draw your attention to the position of those who, like myself, objectors to war, refused to take part in 1914 in the world-butchery. Many others besides myself were condemned for our ideas and propaganda by merciless military judges, who treated us as though we were assassins and bandits. In 1922 we were sent to Guiana for some years. Our life during those years was indescribable. Obliged to live without resources, in a colony without industry, without agriculture, without trade, many died from misery after indescribable suffering. Always hungry, often without shelter, exhausted by the tropical climate, they became an easy prey to the ravages of general debility and malaria.

"About a score are still living; we have served our sentences, we are nominally free to return to France, to our country, to our relatives and friends, to our homes. But if we can hardly keep body and soul together, how find the means for crossing the ocean? Are we destined, after paying the penalty exacted by military justice, to a slow agony, under a burning sky, without hope of ever quitting this hell on earth?

"I have nursed the idea of filming here, on the spot, the scenes of suffering and misery of the 'libérés' (common criminals exiled for life after completing their sentences in France) who, to the number of 2,000 die literally of starvation, reduced like lost dogs to nosing and scratching through the streets of St. Laurent de Maroni in search of food. The screen would have revealed these scenes of misery, and from all parts human feelings would have sent some help to ameliorate the conditions of these poor victims. . . .

"I count on my return to Europe on holding conferences on the heart-rending situation of the military prisoners in Guiana and to publish my book in several languages so that the whole world shall know in what manner in the twentieth century one can martyr those whom the French War Councils sent by an iniquitous verdict to die in the Guianese bush. . . .

"I have already received the names of several war-resisting comrades and I hope soon to send you a complete list. As for their addresses, very few, alas, possess in this sad country a fixed abode. Some are in hospitals and some are in the bush. Others are in the out-of-the-way villages or the places where they are employed at very hard work at a starvation wage."

Mrs. Blair Niles, author of "Condemned," says:

"I do most emphatically corroborate what he says of the tragic conditions of the 'Libérés' in the French Guiana Penal Colony. It is impossible to overstate the wretched existence of these men.

"The cost of returning them to France in the convict ship would amount to nothing more than the food they would consume on the voyage. The ship—La Martinière—comes out to Guiana at least one a year, bringing new victims to Guiana. She returns with a cargo of the native timber. The quarters occupied by the convicts shipped from France could be used for returning to France all those whose sentences have expired. Thus to return men

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE CHURCHES AND WORLD PEACE

A Message to the Churches
from
The Second Study Conference of Representatives of 35 Communions and Allied Religious Organizations
held in
Columbus, Ohio, March 6-8, 1929.

PART I

International Relations

The achievement of enduring peace is the most urgent need of our time. In reaching this goal the churches of the United States have a vital part to take.

This Study Conference of 123 selected representatives of 35 communions and allied religious organizations records herewith certain convictions and recommendations which it submits to the churches for careful study and for general adoption, so far as they shall be found in harmony with the ideals and spirit of Jesus Christ our Lord and Master.

The General Pact for the Renunciation of War as an Instrument of National Policy, pledging the nations to use only peaceful means for the settlement of their controversies whatever may be their origin or nature, expresses the purpose of the nations to deal with one another on the basis of the Christian ideal of non-violence, justice, cooperation and goodwill.

The Conference welcomes this Pact. The Pact has indeed little power in itself but it has great possibilities. The realization of those possibilities depends on the will of the peoples and this in turn depends largely on the conscience and activity of the churches. It remains now to put the breath of life into the solemn pledges of the Pact and to carry its high vision of a warless world to triumphant success. In behalf of this all-important enterprise, the churches must enlist the conscience of mankind.

Feeling keenly the mighty challenge to the churches made by the statesmen who have presented the Pact to the world, this Conference makes the following affirmations of its own convictions:

Affirmations

1. We hold that the Church, the body of Christ all inclusive—transcending race and national divisions—should henceforth condemn and renounce recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and should insist that responsible statesmen shall conduct the policies and procedures of the state in harmony with the spirit, the pledges and the intent of the Pact.

2. We hold that the Churches of Jesus Christ should be a mighty dynamic in abolishing war. War denies the Fatherhood of God, scorns the Brotherhood of Man, mocks the sacredness of human life, is merciless to helpless women and children, uses falsehood, ignores justice, releases the passions, and cultivates hate. War means everything that Jesus did not mean, and means nothing that He did mean.

3. We therefore hold that the Churches should condemn resort to the war system as sin and should henceforth refuse, as institutions, to sanction it or to be used as agencies in its support.

4. We further hold that the Churches should now regard war, when distinguished from the exercise of police power by authorized international agencies, as a crime.

5. We hold that "Christians should be good citizens, obeying the laws of the state and being subject to its authority up to the point where obedience to man would be disobedience to God," and that the Churches should teach patriotic support of the state, in the conviction that the state is bound by the obligations of the Pact never to resort to war but to use only peaceful means for the solution of all controversies.

6. We hold that the Churches should support and sustain with moral approval individuals who, in the exercise of their right of conscience, refuse to take part in war or in military training.

7. We hold that, since economic factors are primary causes of international suspicion and hostility and frequently lead to war, the Churches should engage in the most serious study of such vital problems as foreign investments, war debts, raw materials, tariffs, armed intervention for the protection of property, and the whole question of the economic and political control of foreign peoples.

8. We hold that the Churches should advocate vigorously effective steps for speedy reduction of armaments, for bringing national policies into harmony with the spirit and pledges of the Pact, and for the creation of a comprehensive peace system in the development of mutual acquaintance, appreciation, and goodwill between the nations.

9. We believe that the decisive struggle is now on between two mighty systems: one, the belief that might gives right, that nations are beings of power without moral obli-

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to their homeland would seem the most fundamental act of justice.

"If this could be done and if the exile terms which follow the completion of the prison sentences could be abolished, two great acts of mercy of justice would have been achieved."

The American Fellowship of Reconciliation has advanced the $125.00 necessary to get de Thèze back to France, but we must make up that sum and collect more to help the others to return.

Will any friends who are moved by this account of one of the oustanding barbarities of the world's penal colonies aid by sending contributions so marked to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 383 Bible House, New York City?

ROGER BALDWIN,
PAUL JONES,
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

New York City.

David Lubin

Dear UNITY:

This letter is simply an endeavor to interest someone in the life history and pleas and work for agriculture accomplished by David Lubin, the despised Jew who advocated that the Institute of Agriculture, now at Rome, be located at Washington. He was regarded as mildly insane and forced to seek foreign aid. He was opposed by every secretary of agriculture from Jerry Rusk to "Tama Jim" Wilson and all the powers of the government including President Taft and Ambassador Herrick. Through his direct appeal to the farmers ("Repetition is Reputation") he beat them all and secured Taft's Commission appointed by himself and governors of states to go abroad and study European Rural Credit. This committee, some 60 odd, reported favorably, and but less than half a dozen banker-farmers, lawyer-farmers, cotton broker-farmers, opposed it. David Lubin's history shows he had the only complete plan for organization of farmers which has ever been presented. Through the world war, and his being thrown into war work in which cause he died, and the big campaigns put on to kill all agricultural credit systems which would really assist the farmer, his plans were dropped. Taft and Myron Herrick, driven into the support of Lubin's program by his caustic criticism of the financial barons, have never peeped in favor of his schemes since. For many years this has been one of my "pet" obsessions. His name is not mentioned in "Who's Who?" nor is any history of him extant, only that by the Italian member of nobility who was his secretary for years while he was delegate from the U. S. to the Institute of Agriculture at Rome. This is the only book extant, and yet if I am not mistaken he was one of the world's greatest men. We are today just where he predicted. His career is spectacularly phenomnal. See "Agricultural Credit Banks," Compilation of, 62nd Congress, Third Session (11 bulletins), Government Printing Office 1913, also "David Lubin, a Practical Idealist," by Mrs. Agresti, who was the grand niece of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Her name is Olivia Rosetti Agresti, published by Little, Brown & Co. I am in my 77th year and have been so radical all my life it has been difficult to get my crazy notions accepted. I wrote "Democracy and the College" while at Urbana, criticizing it severely while my children were there and some teaching there. I have already seen some of my crazy notions accepted. I am still anxious to get some influential man to look up David Lubin for his program would have prevented the agricultural *impasse*. If published I wish you would send me a half dozen copies of that communication.

St. Paul, Minn. J. H. GREENE.

gations; the other, that right stands above might, that nations are moral beings with inescapable moral obligations. The fate of civilization depends, we believe, on the issue of this struggle. A few years of grace are before us. Which way the issue goes depends primarily on the vision, courage and faith of the Churches.

SAID IN WASHINGTON

We have just listened to the greatest speech (from Mr. Reed of Missouri) that will ever be made by the school of the old order of things, by the school that starts with cannibalism and still thinks we must defend against cannibalism. There is an old philosophy or scripture which says that "He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword." That philosophy has come true to all the Caesars and to the Napoleons of the whole world. I believe in that philosophy, and I believe it is now time to break up the sword. I believe that the bright light of the present leads up away from the cannibalism of the past. I believe there is a chance to stop this spirit of revenge and this desolation of war. I believe there is something in human nature greater than the efficiency of organized murder.

Three times I have volunteered in the military service of my country. I would resign from the Senate and do it again if a real cause and occasion for civilization arose demanding such action. But notwithstanding that record I am not ashamed to stand in my place in the Senate and say that I am a pacifist. I hate war. I hate everything there is in war. I hate every thought of war. It ought to be abolished now and forever. We will not abolish it by taking the old theory of cannibalism, the old theory of strife and contention, and building our institutions, our philosophies, our logic, and our armaments upon that old theory. We can not go back to the pioneer days of civilization and live in the mentality of savages if we expect to advance the civilization of the world.

I stand with those who believe that the human race is capable of something better than war in this world. I pointed out in the beginning of my address that the great result of our civilization had been the World War, and that World War was the greatest organized murder that the human mind has ever conceived. I never want to see it repeated. We may make mistakes in judgment. We may have different theories about this thing called defense. But we ought to have no difference on the theory of the way we will face upon the question of war. We ought to have no difference in the attitude we will take upon the proposition that war shall end.

The great ideals of all our leading statesmen from Washington down have been the ideals of peace. It was Washington who urged the theory that we should not go into entanglements that would produce war. We have followed that theory down until now, when we can discuss the question of ending war. We have adopted a treaty of peace to that end, and the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Reed) voted for it. That is his redeeming vote in his great career in the Senate of the United States. He came, as I said once before, as the greatest objector the Senate has ever produced. The first time ever I knew the Senator from Missouri to stand for anything was when he got his so-called reservation and voted for the multilateral treaty outlawing war in all the world. I want to congratulate him upon that vote. He can go back with something affirmative to take to his great people and his great State of Missouri, and when his record is written that will be found to be the greatest vote he ever cast in this body.

(Hon. Smith W. Brookhart in the Senate, January 30, 1929.)

CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES

The Exhibition of Foreign Literature Dealing with the Press

In the Moscow "House of the Press" (Dom Pechati) an exhibition was opened of various literature dealing with the Press. The Exhibition was organized by the "Scientific Press Cabinet." Literature on this subject is mainly published in the United States and in Germany. This literature has very many features. This can be gathered by the departments of the exhibition, which cover all the branches of the Press. The following are exhibited: the history of the periodical press, history and the description of individual newspapers, the memoirs of journalists, the technique of the newspapers and journals, press illustrations, general theory and sociology of the periodical press, text books and primers on practical newspaper work, books dealing with theory and information, etc.

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